

## M'S FATE IN HIS JURY'S HANDS.

Disagreed After Nine Hours and Were Locked Up for the Night.

On the Barkentine Her-uller Murders May Be Ready This Morning.

Hint for the Accused First Mate Scored Almost at the Last Moment.

ED DISCREPANCY IN TIME.

own Swore He Saw Bram Strike Nash with an Axe, but Another Seaman Swore Brown Was Not at the Wheel.

an. 1.—After nine and a quarter hour of the jury, in whose hands the fate of Thomas M. G. was at stake, the barkentine Her-uller was to-night unable to decide whether or not he is guilty of the murder of a C. I. Nash, his wife and three children.

Conclusion of the Judge's charge, the jury left the courtroom at 5 p. m. The jurors have their memories refreshed. A recess was taken until 10:30 p. m.

Agreement in Sight. The jury was not ready to render a verdict until 10:30 p. m. The only word sent into the courtroom was that an agreement was not yet reached.

Court was then adjourned until tomorrow morning. The jury was not ready to render a verdict until 10:30 p. m. The only word sent into the courtroom was that an agreement was not yet reached.

that if Bram was not convicted, it would be no safety for anyone. The jury was not ready to render a verdict until 10:30 p. m. The only word sent into the courtroom was that an agreement was not yet reached.

Testimony Dissected. The jury was not ready to render a verdict until 10:30 p. m. The only word sent into the courtroom was that an agreement was not yet reached.

was as to the death of the man who was killed. The jury was not ready to render a verdict until 10:30 p. m. The only word sent into the courtroom was that an agreement was not yet reached.

went through the evidence in detail in some instances. The jury was not ready to render a verdict until 10:30 p. m. The only word sent into the courtroom was that an agreement was not yet reached.

the question of motive. Judge Colt said that there is no doubt as to the motive. The jury was not ready to render a verdict until 10:30 p. m. The only word sent into the courtroom was that an agreement was not yet reached.

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for impeachment to overturn a white republic and reseat a black queen and restore a government of dark-age sort.

### The Brazilian Rebellion.

Even in Brazil when De Mello fought to restore a monarchy and beat down liberty and popular rights, Cleveland was eager to the finger tips to recognize the rebellion. He was eager for the same reason he now refuses to recognize Cuban independence and conspires to put out the fires of freedom that insurrection has lighted in that island. Cleveland sides with monarchy against Cuba in revolt just as he hungered to side with monarchy in revolt against the established republic of Brazil.

Cleveland has the crown and sceptre instinct; he is un-American; that's why he wants to do these un-American things. Luckily, he is cowardly in the broadest sense, fears the whip of public opinion, which is why he did not succeed in Hawaii and Brazil, and will not succeed now.

But the Journal story came in the nick of time to head him off. His dismissal on the 4th of March will come in another nick of time to end his power to make further mischief.

Seaman Charles Brown testifying in the Bram Murder Trial at Boston.

To United States District Attorney Hoar, he asserted that on the night the crimes were committed he was at the wheel and saw Bram strike Captain Nash several blows with an axe. Counsel Cotter, for the defense, in turn charged that Brown had once been acquitted of a charge of murder in Rotterdam on the plea of insanity.

bad plots against liberty at home and abroad.

Conspiracy Cannot Succeed. Senator Albertini, of the Cuban Legion—Our sources of information lead us to believe that such a conspiracy as Mr. Creelman suggests on the part of the Administration with the Spanish Government cannot be made effective.

Mr. Cleveland tried it once in Hawaii and made a dismal failure. It is incredible that at the close of his administration he would again undertake such an enterprise, but we have reason to believe that De Lome has thoroughly hoodwinked Olney and the President. He has no scruples; no Spanish diplomat ever has; and he has filled the ears of the Administration with falsehoods. But whatever De Lome may say, and whatever the Administration may do, the cause of Cuba grows constantly stronger.

Maceo is dead, but since his death 2,000 recruits have joined the insurgent cause, and we have funds in hand to send 25,000 rifles and a proportionate supply of ammunition to the patriot army.

Cleveland Doesn't Speak for the People. Representative Cooper, of Texas—I read Mr. Creelman's dispatch from Madrid in the Journal to-day, and confess that I was amazed to learn negotiations were going on between this Government and Spain whereby we were to aid the Spanish to crush the revolution in Cuba. If Mr. Cleveland and his advisers are really contemplating such a course, they will meet with opposition from every quarter of liberty-loving America. I hope the President will not assume to speak for his countrymen when he joins hands with Spain in any such undertaking.

Blair Says It Is Appalling. Ex-Senator Blair, of New Hampshire—The Journal's story from Madrid appalls me. I sincerely trust that no such alliance has been entered into between the President of this great republic and the monarchy to crush the noble patriots who are striving for independence.

Vigorous Action May Follow. Representative Northway, of Ohio—The Administration should deny this report at once, if it be untrue. Failure to do so will throw suspicion upon its course and may lead Congress to prompt and vigorous action in the recognition of Cuban independence. As an American citizen, I sincerely hope that Mr. Creelman is mistaken.

Cleveland Against the People. Representative Modell, of Wyoming—It is almost incredible that the President would enter into a secret compact with the Spanish Government or do anything opposed by an overwhelming mass of the American people. I shall not support the Cameron resolution, but I have no idea that the Administration is in a conspiracy to support the cause of the Cuban rebels to gain influence. I should favor radical action.

More a pull? See story in Mercury.

## FILIBUSTERS AGAIN HEADED FOR CUBA.

Continued from First Page.

the vigilance of the United States Government, this steam tug, whose name we are requested to withhold, has been lying off one of the Florida Keys since yesterday afternoon. In Key West it has been a public secret that the men and cargo belonging to the last expedition of the Three Friends, unable to land in Cuba, were landed on one of the keys adjacent to the Florida coast.

Knowing that a steamer had left Jacksonville, and suspecting the place of rendezvous, I chartered a boat and immediately began my search for the filibuster. We steamed nearly all day among the verdant, low-lying keys, and it was not until long after dark that we nearly ran down a suspiciously acting sloop.

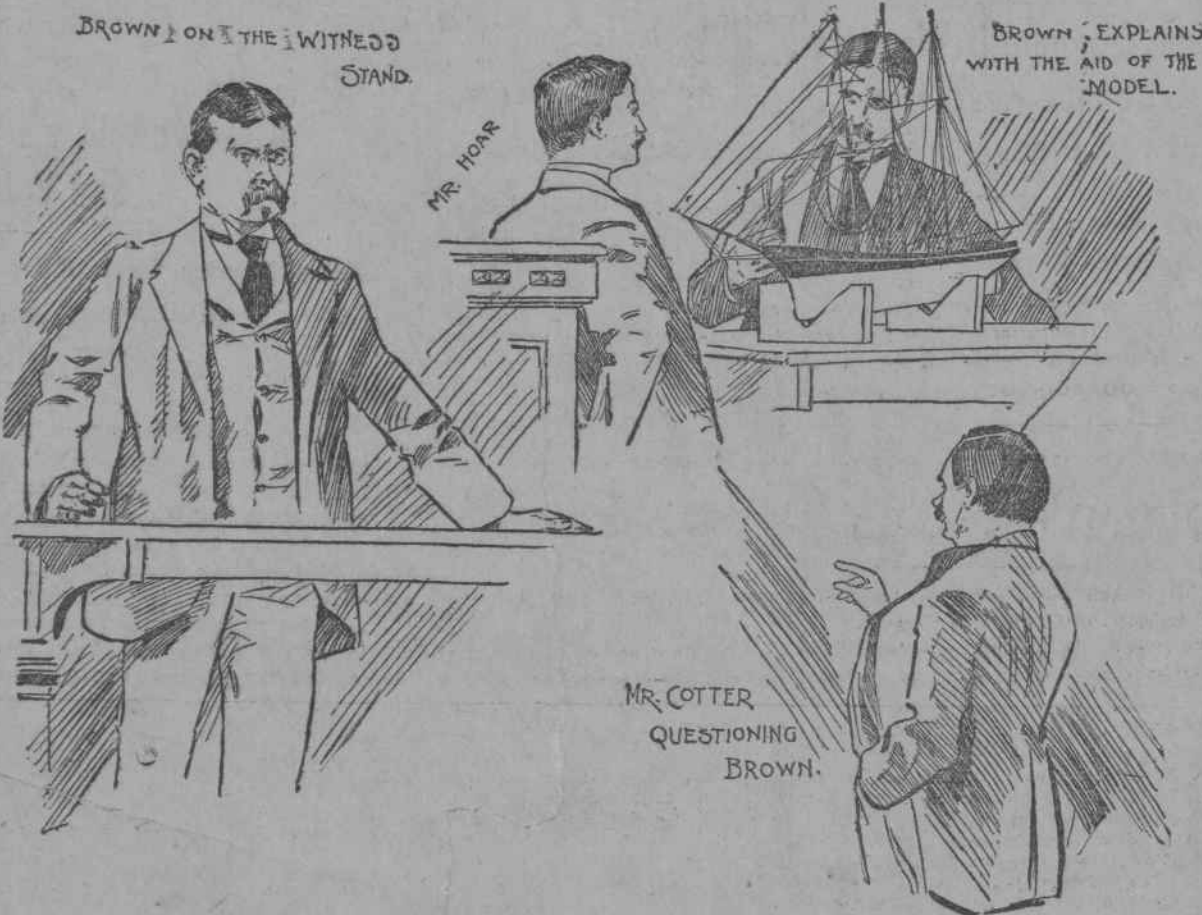
### Reluctant to Give Information.

Believing it useless to chase the sloop, we landed in a small cove, where we found a dozen spongers. These men were reluctant to give us any information, but we soon convinced them we were friends of the Cubans. As we were aware that our steam launch would frighten away any possible filibuster, we engaged a sail boat, leaving the launch to follow us on behind.

Low on the horizon we could see the lights of sombre reefs, and a little to the east two faint glimmerings which we rightly guessed were the lights of the filibuster. A fresh breeze soon put us alongside, where we were regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by the captain and crew. There was not a single Cuban on board, and the captain assured us that he had not either arms or ammunition.

### Welcomed on Board.

Just before daylight, however, we were boarded by a party of Cubans whose officer, recognizing me at once, gave me a hearty embrace. Daylight is now upon us, and the usually quiet keys, which know no other visitors



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Captain G. I. Nasn and His Wife, Murdered on the Barkentine Herbert Fuller.

The Fuller, with a cargo of lumber, sailed from Boston on July 8 for Rosario, in the Argentine Republic. Thirteen days later she put into Halifax with her captain, his wife, and the second officer murdered, and with First Mate Thomas M. C. Bram and Seaman Charles Brown in irons. Brown was subsequently released and Bram placed on trial in Boston for murder.

than the occasional fisherman or sponger, now present an animated appearance.

Snow white sails are flitting back and forth, and swarthy Cubans are passing up and down strange looking packages, which the captain assures us are goods of American manufacture which it is perfectly legal to ship.

Now the last boatload comes alongside, and as the sailors receive the last package we know that we will soon be upon the ocean, headed for Cuba.

## COUNT RADO NOT TO WED.

Continued from First Page.

and, it is alleged, is a fugitive from justice in Hungary.

Rado's Love Affair. Rado first came into prominence through a love affair with Miss Gertrude Lehman, of No. 233 East Eighteenth street, in November, 1894. He at that time was living at No. 239, and fell in love with Miss Lehman through seeing her as he passed the house. He introduced himself to the young woman's mother, and explained to her that he was a representative in this country of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and had been sent here to investigate the charges against Dr. Von Paletschek, the former Austro-Hungarian Consul in this city. He said he was wealthy, that he loved Miss Gertrude and wanted her to be his wife.

Mrs. Lehman was flattered, but suspicious, and insisted upon documentary evidence, which the young man furnished in abundance. Not satisfied, she called at the Consulate to find that he was unknown there as a representative of the Emperor, although a young man answering that description was badly wanted in Hungary for fraud. Investigation showed that Rado, instead of representing the Emperor, sold cigarettes for a living. When this became known he was forbidden the Lehman house.

Stories in regard to Rado came out which were not to his credit. While still posing as a count he was arrested on June 6 of last year, charged with swindling, and arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court. The complainant against Rado was Mme. V. Valland, proprietress of a cigarette factory at No. 124 Broadway. She employed Rado as a salesman at \$30 a week to sell cigarettes to retailers. She alleged that Rado had made collections for which he had failed to account. He waived examination and was held in \$300 bail for trial.

Mother's Daring Act Was in Vain. York, Pa., Jan. 1.—After a short absence yesterday, Mrs. George Satter returned to her home in the city. She was found in a state of collapse.

## SHAKING HANDS WITH CLEVELAND.

Large Crowd at the White House New Year's Reception.

The President and His Wife Greet Diplomats and Citizens.

Foreigners Presented First with Elaborate Ceremony of "Introduction."

ARMY AND NAVY MEN PRESENT.

Trappings of War Do Not Set Well Upon the Bureau Knights—Many Dress Suits Are Worn.

By Alfred Henry Lewis. Washington, Jan. 1.—Flowers, the flare of lights—for the day was cloud-darkened and sombre—the blare of the Marine Band, the crowd, jam and jostle of a well-dressed mob, what the police call a "carriage crowd," served to set the stage at the White House reception to-day, whereas the President and Mrs. Cleveland performed as stars, he with that stolid air of half-pony which characterizes him, she with that willing graciousness that has won and kept for her a love-place in the general heart.

This is her Washington—a place at which nothing is manufactured or done but government—begins the year. The first number of the annual programme is the White House New Year's reception. It—the procession of the received—begins with the diplomats at 11:30 and goes on and on and on, one crowding line of hand-shakers, until it works down to the hydra-headed public about 1 o'clock.

Before the reception the White House was crowded. Fifty-five police were present, fifteen inside, and forty in the grounds, to straighten up the game. But they were of slight use and still less decorative. The whole lower part of the White House was invaded and filled by 10:45. The halls, the Red Room, the Blue Room, the East Room, which impresses one as being about the size of a ten-acre lot, and all the other ground floor rooms had their gay tenantry crowding about uneasily and aimlessly, like sheep in a fold, and all waiting for the President and "his lady" to come down the State staircase to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," or some other melody equally sardonic, and take their places and proceed with the reception.

Many People Present. It was 11 o'clock when I got there, and at that hour it took an athlete to get about. Somebody's elbow was ever in your back.

time any of them ever were made to salute the chute at the White House. Others gabbled pleasantly in their complicated tongues and seemed to like it.

I looked about for the "gent" in the dress suit. He was there to the number of at least two score, and evidently felt himself pleased with his novel trappings. He reminded me—this "dress-suit gent"—did-of a day long ago, when a Congressman from Tennessee, still in the House, delighted a White House dinner table one evening with a brilliant red four-in-hand tie. But these things be bagatelles.

After the diplomats, the Supreme Court. They sailed in and out like sailors used to the harbor. Then came the Congressional contingent. Then the army with the navy sailing in its martial wake. It is painful to record that these army and navy folk looked over-garish with their new uniforms and burlesqued side arms. Moreover, they didn't wear their clothes easily, and their fashions tripped divers of them in a very unsoldierly manner.

The "Bureau" Warriors. It's because they were not used to their gift tags and "load stickers." These be bureau men, who haven't heard "boots and saddles" in the memory of man. Sundry of the Jolly seadogs present had faces as free of tan as a belle of the "Four Hundred." Some of them in the last score of years hadn't planked a quarter deck or sniled the sea. They wouldn't know a conning tower from a street car. I was not pleased with our army or our navy. Miles does not at all remind me of Grant, nor Ramsey of Admiral Farragut.

But at last the notables are all gone, and the public get a long waited for clutch at the hand of their President. The procession reaches out of the White House and up the street for half a mile. They have waited long and they swoop at the outstretched fingers of Cleveland like hawks whose hopes have been deferred.

Carried by the undirected current I got into the East Room. I found it a forest of palms, a jungle of humanity, a place where cut flowers were making the air reel with the fragrance of their dying. There's something to think of in the East Room; it's a good place to wait for anything. One can remember, if he cares to, those days just 100 years ago, when Mrs. John Adams hung and dried her family washing within its four walls. One can come down to the day of Jefferson, who used it as a private weather bureau and hung here his thermometer and consulted it four times a day to jot down the temperature. One can look at the oil paintings of Washington—broad jawed, taciturn, lacking a glint of humor—that it framed on the wall and note the seams that shows where Dolly Madison cut it from its frame and ed with it in 1814, twenty minutes before the invading British took possession.

Where Jackson and Adams Met. One's fancy can rove on to that scene a few years later when John Quincy Adams met Andrew Jackson, whom he had that day beaten in the House of Representatives for the Presidency through the treachery of Clay. The two met at a state ball in this very room at 10 o'clock following Jackson's defeat.

"How is Mr. Adams?" "Well, Jackson, expecting his first night."

of moving their artillery over the rough ground of their field of operations, and if the artillery failed to do its work, they might turn their faithful elephant against their foes and thus grind their bodies into the crimsoned earth.

So Gypsy has been formally presented to the Cubans, and now awaits the orders of their representative, Senator T. Estrada Palma, packed up here ready for shipment.

Offered to the Insurgents. This is Mr. Harris's offer, telegraphed to Senator Palma:

Gypsy is a trained performer and will obey any command, and I think she would be serviceable in the rough country of Cuba, where it is, I am told, difficult to manipulate field pieces. I want to dedicate her to the cause of humanity and liberty. Will ship at once to secure you an animal man to go with her to Cuba. If Hannibal found elephants useful in battle, why should not Gomez conquer with Gypsy?

Whether this offer will be accepted or not remains to be seen. Surely Cuba will not heedlessly overlook such an opportunity.

A full history of this wonderful elephant, and of the incidents of her life, will be published in the "Gypsy" to-morrow.

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sir; a lady has my right, or you should have it. I hope to see you well."

And Adams made a stiff reply, being ill at ease, and all who looked on said that the Indian fighter from the woods of Tennessee was more at his polite composure than Adams, the polished man of courts and diplomacy, who had that day beaten him.

One could come on later still, when "Old Hickory," then President, used the East Room wherein to joyfully baptize his grand nephews and nieces. Or still further toward our day, when the patient Lincoln, the sad cloud of coming martyrdom even then shadowing his brow, held the funeral services of his little son in this same great chamber, then so full of gloom, now so full of buoyant light and life.

But it's 11:30; here comes the President and Mrs. Cleveland. As they trail down stairs, with the Vice-President, Mrs. Stevenson, the Cabinet ladies and the rest of the receiving party, one is pleased with the sight of Ruth and Esther, with the Lamont babies looking through the banisters half way down the stairs. One is also pleased to note no sign of ill health about Cleveland. He appears in full strength, in this his sixtieth year.

Mrs. Cleveland is not so sylph-like as twelve years ago, when she received as a White House bride, but the old smile and the old grace are still with her, and are better, perhaps, than any sylph could show.

First, the Diplomats. Now come on the diplomats, the proud Sir Julian, of England, at the right of the line, as becomes the Ambassador of the Court of St. James. Then the Frenchman, and so on until we reach such puny folk as Bolivia. There is some foolish complexity to this reception of the diplomats. Olney is there to gravely "introduce" each one to Cleveland, and Rockhill, of the State Department, as if another string to the bow was needed, is there to "introduce" each one to Olney, and all as if these people had never seen each other before.

It's as formal and withal as foolish as the pleasant shooting of his fat Highness, the Prince of Wales. The Prince shoots and misses, then hands his gun to a big nobleman, who hands it to a little nobleman, who gives it to a under game keeper, who reloads it. And all this fol de rol is called "shooting." Just as all this Rockhill to Olney, Olney to Cleveland fol de rol is called a "reception."

The diplomats stream on. They make a gay and rainbow current, with their foreign gawags and regalia. It is worth while to note Cleveland shake hands. One downward jerk, as if the other fellow was a trout and Cleveland had felt him bite. Then the President lifts him and, as it were, hands him. That hurdle is leaped over and over in the great reception steeplechase.

Mrs. Cleveland does the same trick with a more cordial air. The President is perfunctory. After a handshaker gets by the President and Mrs. Cleveland you will observe that he goes pawing and scrambling down the long receiving line until at the end he takes a twist into the crowd and gets away as fast as he can.

How the Foreigners Acted. Among the diplomats are several to whom the game is new. They go into it heartily and as if, in a vague way, there was something religious about it. The Russian Minister, Kotzelev, the Turk, Mustapha Bey, the Jap Hoshi the Korean, with his bat like a mousetrap, the Minister of the Argentines, are all there. To the time any of them ever were made to salute the chute at the White House. Others gabbled pleasantly in their complicated tongues and seemed to like it.

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## TO SEE SHE

Shoplifter Ad in Order to R. Little O.

Had Stolen to Get Clothing for the ing Child.

Said She Had Been Dese Husband and Had Work.

HER STORY TOUCHED TH

Whereas Want Was No Excuse He Thought She Could Be G Other Chance on New Year Day, and He Let Her Go.

Because Magistrate Simms, in E ket Court, yesterday recogni sympathy as a part of the coe year '97 a confessed shoplifter erty. The accused was Mary C bright young woman of twenty-e had stolen that she might cloth months' old baby. Love for the had also succeeded where detecti in wringing a confession from the confession being obtained f woman after she had been separ her child on the promise that one would be restored to her.

Mrs. Clifford was arrested on the last night of the old year of Aaron Wallock, at No. nue A. She is a small, bright-ey woman, who would be striking were it not for the marks of disti were a faded blue gown of good and a thin brown cape. When F Keister was called in she and Mr. Weyler in an excited controversy.

Wallock claimed that a baby the woman carried in her hand h taken from his stock. She said bought it at another store. The stantial evidence was on the side lock, but he had no proof. He d that the woman be arrested and taken to the Fifth Street Statu was searched, and besides the sa pair of baby's shoes and a roll cloth were found. She protested bought them all.

Begged to See Her Ba "I want to go to my baby!" "I must go to my baby!" "I would like to let you Sergeant Shire, "but a charge made against you and I must r court."

Mrs. Clifford pleaded and cri and finally in despair exclaimed "Let me have my baby and you all!" The policeman agreed, an woman frankly stated that s Clifford's part, so Officer her for her baby. It wa Fourteenth street, with a Clifford lifted the sleeph cot tenderly, wrapped it and without a word of p Union Market Station, placed in charge of the She said that until she had lived happ a poor laborer. On tion, and without e was sent from her h taken, and since it friends nearly as i Mrs. Rogan, she acquaintance, and caring for the bab for got work. S Charles Depattu obtained it. She morning to look the thought of her for the want of steal.

The baby, a g ing from cold a pinched and its chubby outlines cried and eagerly drank s prepared.

In court yesi bling to the suited Policem to the woman a "Want does I guess the ne out having y if you are eve charge you w In order t straight, Mr. turned to sy! The woman and was pr

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